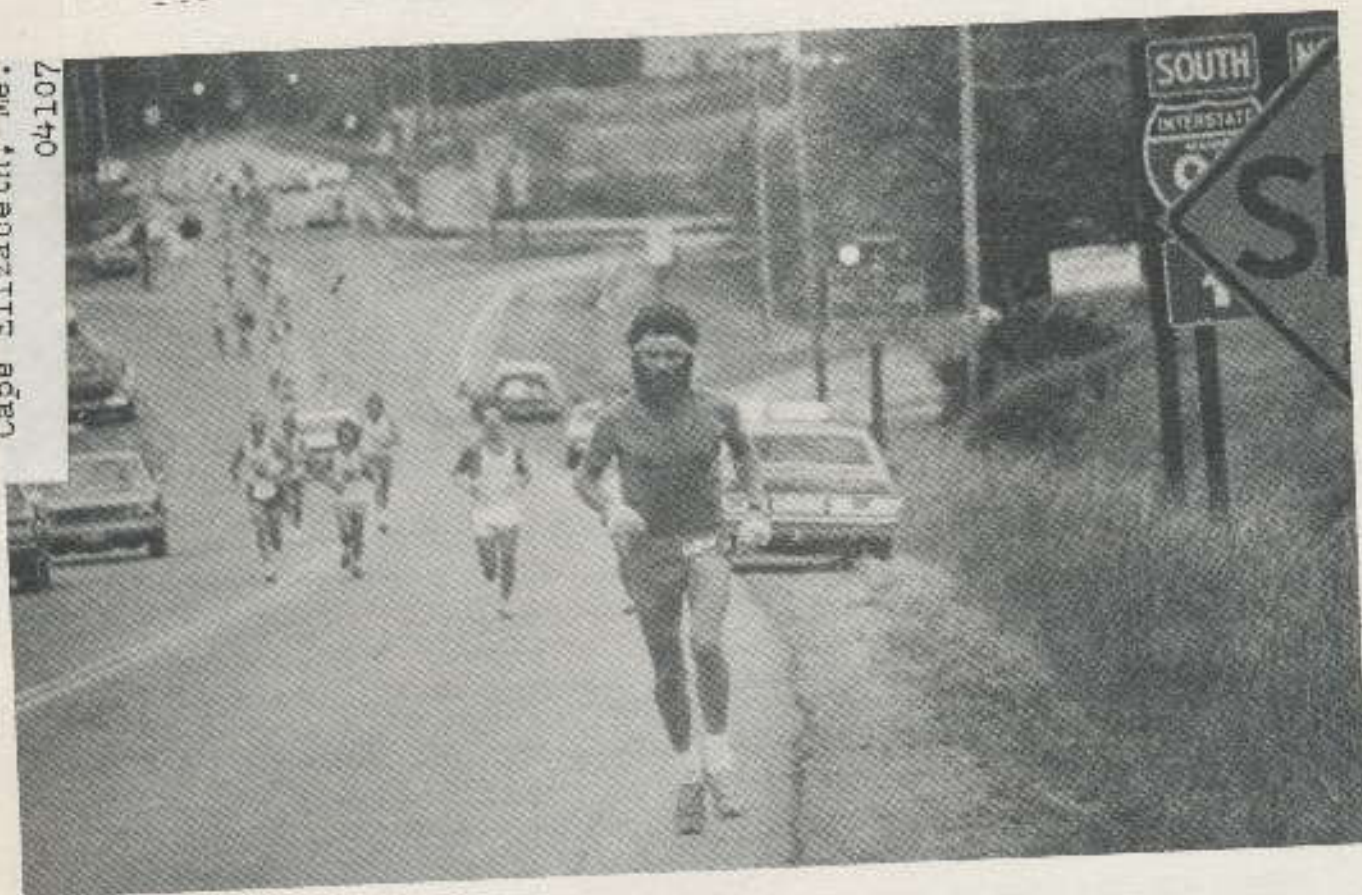


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FEBRUARY 1981

# MAINE Running

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\$1.00

# MAINE Running

P.O. BOX 259, East Holden, Maine 04429 Telephone: 843-6262

Remember when I told you how flat the Paul Bunyan Marathon was? I'm sorry. Apparently Mary Margaret Roseberry found a slight ripple on Kelly Road that I had forgotten. On this month's cover her husband, John Frachella fights his way over the last appreciable hill in the 1980 race; AT THE 13.5 MILE MARK! That's John Moncure edging up on him, with a cast on his arm no less.

Frach is back with the second installment of his article on nutrition and the athlete. The Deacon finishes his long run through the Rowdy Ultra and Sam Schuman takes us for a trek through Central Park. Pam Hennessey writes "Mainely About Women" and Skip lets us know what's flowing through his mind.

I'm sitting here on the eve of departing for Bermuda, sipping a Mich and trying to keep my mind on winter running in Maine. (I had to rub it in a little)

This is the 12th issue of "Maine Running" to appear. It has been a very quick year. I hope all of you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoy bringing it to you. Thanks for helping me through.



Maine Running is published monthly in Bangor.

Editor: Robert Booker  
P.O. Box 259  
E. Holden, Me. 04429

Telephone: 843-6262

## Calendar

The races and special events for February

### YA GONNA HAVE A DAY!

Deke picks up where he left off; the starting line of the Rowdy Ultra.

## LETTERS

### Running Around

Sam Schuman in Central Park.

### Running On...

Skip Howard humming a tune.

### Mainely About Women

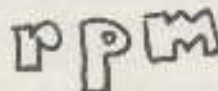
Pam Hennessey's reflections on running.

### Nutrition for Athletes

The second fascinating installment from Dr. Frach.

### The Pack

The Nationals results along with a few cold road races.



RUNNING PROGRAMS OF MAINE



# February Calendar



1st 3RD ANNUAL SNO-FEST 5 MILE ROAD RACE. Augusta Civic Center (UMA Portion). 10:30 start. Entry fee \$1.50. Contact: Marty Thornton 623-3682 or Greg Nelson 582-5607. See flyer Jan issue.

8th 2ND ANNUAL ATLANTIC FEDERAL SAVINGS & LOAN 5 MILER. 12 noon at the SMVTI in S. Portland. \$2.00 Entry Fee. Contact: Lloyd Cook 797-3725

15th 2ND ANNUAL "THE MAX" 10 MILE ROAD RACE. 12 noon at SMVTI, S. Portland. \$2.00 Entry Fee. Contact: Tom Peterson 655-7460

16th Dunfey's 4 Mile Run. Portland. Contact: Larry Peirce

22nd 1ST ANNUAL (maybe) SNOWSHOVEL 5K. 12 noon at Bangor Mall. Entry Fee \$2.00 (all proceeds go to Running Programs of Maine) Sponsored by the Athletic Attic. All participants receive an Athletic Attic T-shirt.

25th RUNNING FILM NIGHT See flyer.

## MOVIES

### COMING EVENTS

1st ICEBERG MARATHON, BANGOR 8th STATE AAU INDOOR CHAMPIONSHIPS, UMO

# The



# Of Bangor

## PRESENTS

SUPER SAVER WEEKEND

ONLY \$29.25 plus tax

Up to four people - one night

BRING THE FAMILY

Children under 18 stay FREE when accompanied by parents

Heated Pool, Sauna, Game Room, Check Out 2 P.M., Babysitter Available/Advance Notice

### RESERVATION FORM

Night of Stayover Date: \_\_\_\_\_  
 No. of Nights \_\_\_\_\_ No. of People \_\_\_\_\_  
 One Double Bed \_\_\_\_\_ Two Double Beds \_\_\_\_\_  
 Spaghetti Dinner - Night before ICEBERG  
 No. of People \_\_\_\_\_ Time: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 Tel # \_\_\_\_\_  
 Guaranteed By: 6 PM Arrival \_\_\_\_\_  
 Credit Card # \_\_\_\_\_  
 Advance Deposit \_\_\_\_\_

IMPORTANT: Race Registration must be done through Maine Running

### ICEBERG MARATHON WEEKEND

(Please register in advance)

Sat. Night 2/28 6 P.M. to 9 P.M.

1. Spaghetti Dinner - All You Can Eat  
 French Bread, Salad  
 Choice of beverage \$4.50  
 Reservations encouraged

2. Sleeping Room \$29.25 + tax  
 (up to 4 persons)

3. Sunday afternoon 3/1/81 2PM-5PM  
 50¢ BEER AFTER RACE

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rpm RUNNING PROGRAMS OF MAINE PRESENTS:

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FEBRUARY 25, 1981

7:00 P.M.

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Top runners include Rod Dixon,  
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and many other world class  
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plus 8mm features: Ellsworth "Autumn Gold", "Casco Bay Marathon",  
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In 1980 rpm awarded \$650 worth of scholarships for the rpm running camp to young Maine  
runners. In 1981 our goal is \$1000. Help us raise the funds &  
enjoy fine running films. Spring will feel a whole lot closer!

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## RUNNING PROGRAMS OF MAINE

RPM needs your help in 1981. Last year we awarded \$650 in scholarships to our running camp. This year we want to award over \$1000. Why don't you join today and show your support for our efforts and have some say as to who gets what and what direction the non-profit organization goes in. If you join in 1981 you will receive an RPM baseball cap. Dues are still \$5.00.

Send your check to :

RPM  
C/O Skip Howard  
P.O. Box 562  
Bangor, Me. 04401

1981 members include: Deke Talbot, Carol Roy and family, Ben Smith, Patty Clapper, Bob Booker, Skip Howard, and Glendon Rand & family. Family membership is \$7.50 (please include \$3.00 for additional caps)

\*\*\*\*\*

## BERMUDA MARATHON & 10K ROADRACES

This years Bermuda trip was a huge success. Although Saturday was rainy, Sunday was a perfect day for sunbathing and watching a marathon. It was 70° with a mild breeze.

Laura and I got drowned in a down pour on Saturday that almost stalled our bike, but my shoes dried in time to be resoaked in the marathon. It seemed very hot to one used to sub-zero weather. Tom Bell and Bill Hine ran super marathons finishing 15th and 16th respectively.

The Maine contingent made itself known in the 10K race with Andy Palmer almost mowing Bruce Bickford down for 9th place. Hank Pfeifle finished 15th in the field of 523. Joan was the third woman finishing in 46th place.

After the marathon, and with some major league blisters on my feet Laura and I danced the night away at Disco 40 with Van and Carol Raymond of Bangor.

John Flora and Charlette Lettis, by the way, are the disco champs of the very fast set although Dave McGillivra and Grete Waitz cut the rug pretty good too.

## 10K RESULTS

1.	Geoff Smith	29:16.4
2.	Robbie Perkins	29:22.4
3.	John Flora	29:30.1
4.	Peter Pfitzinger	29:31.7
5.	Stan Vernon	29:37.9
6.	Mike Slack	29:44.4
7.	Hector Diaz	29:49.5
8.	BRUCE BICKFORD	29:50.7
9.	ANDY PALMER	29:51.7
10.	Kyle Heffner	29:52.3
11.	George Mallory	29:56.2
12.	Matt Centrowitz	30:02.5
13.	Hector Ortiz	30:26.6
14.	Dave Babarocki	30:29.9
15.	HANK PFEIFLE	30:32.4

## Women

34.	Grete Waitz	32:22.8
43.	Jan Merrill	33:57.9
46.	JOAN BENOLT	34:07.6
54.	Ruth Caldwell	34:55.5
55.	Nancy Gonz	34:57.7

71.	Rick Stuart	36:14.8
104.	Ziggy Gillespie	38:32.3
302.	John Shaw	47:07.2
320.	Philip Dube	47:40.6
364.	Jeanne McDonald*	49:48.5
367.	N. Van Raymond	49:54.9
408.	Albert Utherstrom	52:20.2
416.	Sandra Utherstrom*	53:11.7
430.	Nancy Marino*	54:24.2
470.	Cathy Hazelton*	58:46.1
472.	Eleanor Vance*	58:49.7
484.	Ronald Bouchard	61:28.8
522.	Cheryl Sawell*	1:24:07.1

## Marathon

1.	Andy Holden	2:16:57
19.	Kiki Sweigert*	2:43:09
15.	Tom Bell	2:39:21
16.	Bill Hine	2:40:20
79.	Harvey Rohde	3:11:19
85.	Bob Booker	3:15:07
129.	Doug Moreshead	3:32:53
161.	Roger Dutton	3:47:07
185.	Mason Smith	4:03:16
214.	Don Brewer	4:22:22

Va. Beach next!



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Ya gonna have  
a LONG DAY, CHARLES...

## Chapter Two: Part Two

By DEKE TALBOT © 1980

Race Day, I awoke in Sam's basement and heaved aside the abundant covers. In the next room, one of the mystery foreigners, Fred Pilon, was stirring. We had listened with fascination the night before as he told of his exploits in the Old Dominion 100-miler in Virginia. Sam was also hosting Billy Edge and his wife Becky, and the Gagarins from Massachusetts. In fact, all of the foreigners spent the night at Sam's, with the exception of the fellow from Golden, Colorado. We still didn't know where he was.

After a little social muttering we piled into our cars and headed to the assembly-point on the Bowdoin campus. By now I had my schedule figured out. I picked up my number and drove out to the finish-area on the four-mile course loop. I headed my car into the ditch, opened up the hatch, and arranged some plastic Sippity yogurt containers filled with grape juice. I carefully laid out some extra shoes, clothes and a fluorescent vest for after-dark running (I hope you don't need that, Charles, but leave nothing to chance). I then went aboard one of the vans to go half-way around the course, to the starting line.

Colorado had made it. He was wearing a yellow T-shirt with "Clayton Wagner" on the back. Lawson was wearing a pair of nylon pants. The sun came out, and I decided to take off my sweats.

We were done with the psyching, and now all we had to do was to run the thing. We waited a few minutes for some strays to be led to the start. Finally, the call went out. Let's get on with it.



## MAINE Running

Maine Running is published monthly in Bangor. The deadline for printed material is the 15th of the month. Race directors can submit applications as late as the 21st. Send \$15.00 and 600 applications to the address on the title page.

2:16:57  
2:43:09  
2:39:21  
2:40:20  
3:11:19  
3:15:07  
3:32:53  
3:47:07  
4:03:16  
4:22:22



It didn't take me long to sort out the crowd and find Lawson. I was going to stick to him, no matter what, for as long as I could. I was going to be a parasite; let him accept the pressure of setting the pace while I sit back and suck off him.

I looked around, to try to see who was behind and who was ahead. Gary Cochrane, true to his prediction, was striding boldly out. He wasn't as bold as canary-colored Colorado, who was now just a yellow dot in front. I couldn't see where Rock Green was.

Before the race, Sam had predicted the winner would come in with a time under 6 hours, and I didn't believe him. I didn't think any of our native crop would be ready for that. Maybe one of the outsiders... Colorado certainly was making a bid for it, if he knew what he was doing. Would anyone fly in from Golden, Colorado to Brunswick, Maine on a one-day visit without knowing what he was doing?

I had, with a bit of sadness, decided that during this race I would not deviate my concentration to view the surroundings or think about how I felt. If I were to give a good account of myself, I wouldn't be able to give a good account of the race. Now my world was focused on Lawson. His nylon pants swished, and I wondered when he would be taking them off. I figured that when he did, I would be able to keep running and thus prolong the time I could stay with him. I felt strong, but not very confident. I listened eagerly to his advice.

"You're right-handed, aren't you?" he asked. Obviously a point of great significance. "Right-handed people tend to run with, and push off, the right foot. In a short race you don't notice it, but in a 50 it can really tear you up. Every time you think of it, run off your left foot. Then, you won't wear out as fast."

It became a game. How long would I be able to remind myself of the left-foot

theory before my brain has turned to a fine, powdery ash? Keep your head looking over the left foot. Talk to it once in a while. Maybe I would naturally revert to my right foot when I wasn't paying attention, but if I found that my left foot had taken a vacation for a whole lap and had gone off somewhere to soak itself in a hot tub, I would yank it back into service and really beat it for awhile.

After 8 miles, Lawson recommended a pit-stop. My bladder wasn't in bad shape, but I obeyed anyway. He said that we should stop twice in the first 15 miles, after which the effects of the coffee and tea should have worn off. We made our second stop at 16 miles. For the next few miles I thought my bladder may have become spoiled by the unaccustomed attention and demand for relief every hour, but I was wrong and Lawson was right. I renewed my determination to stay with the Master.

One of the roller-skaters, a tall, gawky-looking fellow with knee and elbow pads and arms and legs flailing about, swept past. I tried to imitate his style. Should I tuck my right arm behind my back and lean down over my left foot, so I could give my left leg a workout while playing Eric Beiden? The game didn't last long. Too much wasted sideways motion, but it did stretch out the legs a little.

A little later, as we swept around a turn, Lawson abruptly broke stride and lurched to one side. "That's disgusting. Crapping right in the road," he muttered. We came to the conclusion, without judge or jury, that one of the roller-skaters had done it. A runner would have stepped into the woods, but anyone wearing skates would have a hard time moving off the asphalt... In later loops, we would look for the offending pile again, but it disappeared without a trace.

We looked for the leaders each time we approached the finish-area, where an open field gave a good view ahead. Somewhere out there we knew that Rock was hunting down Golden, Colorado. We saw a yellow speck but decided it was one of the roller-skaters. At the water-stops we heard vague reports about the incredible pace that Golden was running. "He may be Golden

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now," I predicted to Lawson, "but soon he'll be moving to Leadville." The name of that Colorado mining town had issued into my memory to fit the occasion. I couldn't remember where I had heard of it before.

Lawson had on a watch, and I didn't, so I was sure I was with him when we passed the marathon mark. We agreed that we still felt pretty good for a 3:09. I called out in drill-sergeant's tone, "Yer left..yer left.." as we tried to share the chore of remembering to run left-footed.

A mile later Lawson began to complain of having some trouble with the wall. I felt guilty, having sucked off him all this time without really taking any share of the pace. For the first time I stopped thinking of just how long I could hang on to him. The Great Scorekeeper was calling out "Advantage..Deke.." just when I wanted it to be at deuce. I still need you, Lawson! I set a pace which hopefully would push the wall out of the way slowly. Within 3 miles, to my relief, Lawson had revived. "It must have been a false wall," he chuckled. "It felt pretty genuine for a while."

The Great Wasteland between 30 and 40 miles is the toughest section of the race, and we both knew it. Like a symbiotic 4-legged cell, we plunged without hesitation into that ocean. We were beginning to lap people, but didn't have time to fraternize. The little rises on the course were becoming hills, steeper on each loop, but together we could manage them. There would be time enough, after 40 miles when success was in sight, for our partnership to break up amid betrayal and recrimination. But, though we were pacing each other and sharing our strength, we were in a RACE. Always before I had looked at the 50 as a simple matter of survival. Now I had a plan, some tactics, with a reasonable chance of employing them. I was in the full adolescent joy of trying to blow some people's doors off while running my eyeballs completely out of my head.

Suddenly we saw the yellow T-shirt marked "Clayton Wagner" up ahead. He was talking. Sometime after the marathon he had indeed moved to Leadville. As we passed him,

he gave a look of empty desperation, and for a moment my childish aggressiveness gave way to a pang of pity. I felt no joy plunging my sword into a helpless man.

I soon ran down these feelings and passed them by. The fighting spirit returned, as we tried to calculate what place we were in. We figured that Rock must be in the lead, if he was still running. We hadn't seen Gary Cochrane, and thought he was still ahead; we pushed the pace to try to run him down. Unknown to us, Gary (a/k/a No-Nukes\*) had stopped at his car at one point just at the time we were running by, and we didn't see him. Now he was actually behind us, but pressing hard. We silently debated whether or not to ask the water-stop people where we were in the race. We decided against it, thinking the news would be too discouraging.

We pushed up the rise called Rowdy Hill and hit 40 miles in 4:50. I was delighted; the second 20 went by in the same time as the first 20. Lawson was beginning to make some predictions. "If we don't blow it, we should do about a 6:12," he said. My weakened mind began to think in terms of breaking 6:20, which would be under Lawson's old course record and should be enough for me to be happy. My body wasn't listening. Crazy Deke was well in control of the body, and told it to be greedy and go for whatever it had a chance to get.

Lawson and I kept together, getting more excited and wondering which one of us was going to make the break. We began to think ahead of the immediate task, ahead to the gun lap. As we approached 44 miles, we were abruptly brought back to the present. "Aaugh, this feels like the real thing," Lawson groaned, and I felt a lead curtain slowly descending around my shoulders.

Somehow I had to make it to the gun lap in one piece. Right foot..(groan) ...left foot..(groan)..wish I had more of my grape juice..drink Coke..legs cold... the Coke took hold and I began to feel a little better and stronger.

\*Perhaps Gary, a CMP employee, can explain this in the next issue.



As we approached the gun lap, Lawson was still wearing his nylon pants. He obviously meant to wear them the whole way, and they hadn't encumbered him. I looked at my own reddening legs, insulated by that 15.2% layer of fat, and wondered if his legs were warmer and looser. I couldn't wait to respond to Lawson's final drive. I would have to fire the first shot.

We entered the gun lap together, not pausing for a drink. I flattened back my ears, muttered an incantation given to me by John Frachella for special occasions, and took off. I built up a 40-yard lead, but I was at full-bore and there ain't no more. I could feel Lawson behind me, and as we made a sharp turn by the phantom crap-pile I sneaked a look back. He had me in his sights. I never knew that terror was such a good fuel. Surely there couldn't be anything else in my tank. Sorry you ducks, German Shepherd, Rowdy Hill...I'd say goodbye but I just don't have the time right now. I passed the last water-stop and Bill Gayton cheered me on. Why is he just standing there? No time to ask...no time to find out what place I'm in... I don't want to know. What if Rock and Gary are not out there and I'm in the lead? After the race, win or lose, I'd be mad about not knowing, but I'm glad that I don't have that burden to carry now. In the woods...push, keep pushing...I don't hear Lawson now, but I don't dare look. He might be playing silent-footsie right behind me, and we'd have another crap-pile on the course if I suffered the shock of seeing him so close.

Finally I came out of the woods and saw the open field to the finish. I began to feel more confidence. Now, will someone tell me what place I'm in? The nearest soul was at the finish-line, and I ran toward it as much for curiosity as anything else. No more groans or left-foot training. I moved out of the ultramarathoner's stiff-legged shuffle onto the balls of my feet and focused upon John Moncure, the course and finish-line judge. SIX-Oh-FOUR FIFTY...he called, and the subsequent seconds in a too-slow incantation, and I sprinted the last few yards.

I had scarcely leaned over in weariness when Lawson finished, and we quietly embraced. I was stunned by my time but it hadn't sunk in; I still didn't know my place,

but for the moment I didn't care. Only the brotherly feeling at the end of a long battle made any sense then.

I looked up and saw Mike Gaige, who gave me a helping hand. He had run a cross-country race at Readfield and had come down, perhaps to run a lap with me, but when he arrived I was on my gun lap. Now, as I talked to him, I felt an immense weakness and lightheadedness. I sent him on an errand to pick up the Sipity yogurt bottles, out of which I had drunk the grape juice, and which were now lying in a neat pile not far from the finish-line. As I wrapped a wool blanket around myself, I reflected on why I had treated perhaps the best runner in our club like an errand-boy, though I was club President and power has its privileges. My authority came from a different source. He may be fast, he may have run a 2:28 marathon...but just let him run one of these things, Charles! My adolescent juices had not run out, and I was feeling very worthy of respect and obedience.

Gary finished before I had regained any of my senses, and this confirmed John Moncure's claim that we had actually passed him some time before. Once I knew how long Lawson and I had been ahead of Gary, I was amazed at how close he had finished to us. We had each other to plod off, but Gary must have been running alone almost all the way.

After Gary there were some people passing by the finish and running on. There wouldn't be another finisher for a stretch, but I saw Diane Fournier, Cotton Mendell and Orlando Delogu go flying by with two laps to go, and as I started my car and headed back toward the Bowdoin campus, I cheered Darren Billings onto his gun lap, assuring him he would finish in under 7 hours.

I drove back to the gymnasium and carrying as little as possible, hobbled toward the nearest shower-room. The place was empty, so I dumped my clothes and stepped into the shower. There, finally, I realized I was alone.

For a moment I was not alone. In my exuberance, I shared the shower with the ghosts of my teammates who stood



this very spot 10 years before, after a time-trial. Three of us had just run never-to-be-beaten personal records for the 2-mile, and in the thrill of the moment, nothing exceeded our reach. Over the intervening years I tried, first with confidence, then concern, then desperation, then with apathy, to break my 2-mile mark. Slowly it passed out of my reach until it was completely out of my sight. Innocence and adolescence would die once I recognized my own mortality in that I would never again run a 9:49 2-mile. I disguised the truth by moving on to longer distances, where personal records and growth were easier to maintain. And now these ghosts had appeared to remind me of a moment I would never recapture. They disappeared, and took with them the last of my adolescence.

I left the shower a beaten man. I was left in a state of such utter exhaustion that I didn't have the energy to be happy. I didn't feel particularly happy about beating people, however hard I had tried to do it; the process was so all-consuming that the result was meaningless. So much of the result was pure chance, anyway. If I hadn't met up with Lawson early in the race, wouldn't I have run more slowly and cautiously, allowing him to beat me easily? Now, totally drained, I was sure of it.

Deep from within, my soul whispered, "U.R.", and I realized the way out of my depression. I had run out of U.R.! Maybe I'd be able to borrow some from Phil. I shuffled across the gym to the coaches' locker room and found him, but also found that he had crashed and burned 44 miles into the race. I hoped against hope that he would still be ebullient enough to pull me out of my tailspin. I moved on to the multi-purpose room in the gym, where the after-race dinner would be served, and could move no further. I laid myself out on the floor.

I would rise again when the others would begin to arrive...fly away until then, my consciousness, I don't want to feel alone...

The sounds of moving tables and chairs. Slowly, the wives and families and helpers

were moving off the course to the site of the after-race party. A few of the participants had come back from the showers at their homes, and were appropriating places at the tables. Bill Gayton had brought along a stereo set and one Waylon Jennings record to help us entertain ourselves. I crawled to my feet to the strains of "Lukenbach, Texas" and found myself a seat, lugging my beer-cooler behind me.

I needn't have worried about Phil. He had been accompanied on his disastrous voyage by Bill, who also had given up the ghost at 44 miles (thus explaining why I had seen him standing beside the road while I was in the midst of my desperate finish). Phil had a partner in his mock-misery. Besides, Lawson had the perfect consolation for him: remembering his own experience at Lake Waramaug, he said, "You have to find out what you can't do before you find out what you can do." Phil was in his usual raw form, telling the story of what happened when he and Bill had agreed to stop at the 44-mile water station. They were walking up Rowdy Hill, less than a quarter-mile from their agreed-upon end, when Phil asked, "Do you want to break into a slow jog?"

"You pecker!" Bill cried. "Don't leave me out here!"

Phil tried to keep talking, but broke into such uncontrollable laughter that I couldn't make out a word. It didn't matter; the laughter itself was enough to lift me high again. The Waylon Jennings record replayed for the seventh time as we waited for the dinner to be served.

The group of finishers had grown larger, but there were a few interested on-lookers. Ken Flanders and Dan Barker were there, and like wide-eyed Phase 1 Rowdy children they studied Phil as if planning to imitate him.

Outside, the darkness had fallen and it was raining seriously, according to the reports. I didn't want to find out for myself, and be drawn into using energy feeling sorry for the poor souls still out in the midst of it. The reports filtered in until we were sure that all had finished. But, as it turned out, we could have been held up considerably longer by one of the runners, who didn't want to finish.



Bob Lizotte had a rather unorthodox method of approaching the race. He decided he would run as far as he could, as hard as he could, and when that didn't work any more, he would walk the rest of the way. True to form, he had run through the marathon in a respectable 3:48, and soon after, began his walk.

He trudged along, and all went well until a weary aid-station attendant mistakenly told him he had 3 laps to go instead of the two laps actually left. He plugged on, unconcerned, through the growing darkness and rain, negotiating the next two laps, until he approached what he thought was his gun lap. Suddenly, out of the darkness, Sam Butcher was grabbing him and telling him he was finished! No, you don't fool me that easily! I know you want to go inside and put up your feet, but don't deny me my right to finish the damn thing! I'll be all right...Sam didn't know how to convince him that he actually had finished, and they argued in the rain until Sam finally told him his elapsed time. Bob, realizing that this was about the same as his time in the previous year's race, finally capitulated.

Now we were all gathered, and began guffling all the food the Rowdy wives could supply. The food didn't last very long, such as the speed of our consumption, even as we interspersed our eating with guzzles of beer. Once again I was feeling lightheaded and triumphant and giddy.

At one point Ken Flanders left the dining-room to go next door. The stereo was off, and for a moment there was a pause in the talking. At that moment we heard the echoes of some singing from the adjacent bathroom, and we became silent.

"..There's a kind of hush  
All over the world tonight  
All over the world you can hear the sounds  
Of lovers in love..."

There was kind of a hush as we giggled and waited. Ken came through the bathroom

door and met a wall of applause.

The singing wasn't too bad, actually considering that it was an impromptu performance, without competition or a known audience. I rated it a 2:45 on the marathon scale.

Finally it was time for the award ceremony. John Moncure announced the winner, Rock Green, and his 5:55 time. I had to admit to Sam that he was right about predicting that the 6-hour barrier would fall.

Rock would have received no memento of his extraordinary achievement but for Lawson's presence of mind. He rose and went to the podium, feeling justified as the previous year's winner in doing so, and began to take off his ragged, red-and-tan plaid wool jacket.

"This jacket was found in the Casino Bar at Lake Waramaug," Lawson said. "It carries a great legacy. None should wear it but the truly deserving. To establish a tradition like that at the Masters golf tournament, I now hand Rock the Casino Jacket, to wear for as long as he shall remain the champion of this great race. Wear it with pride, Rock."

Rock, the new Maine champion, and Lawson, the recently-crowned Vermont 50-mile champion, then sat down to decide when and where they would settle the score of finding out who was the Rowdy champion of the world.

I was called next, and Moncure got in some well-aimed shots at my groaning and my running style. John thought that my moans must have finally worn Lawson out. Sam agreed that I sounded as if I were going through my death-throes when I came up to lap him...Awright, Charles, so I wasn't picking daisies and breathing through my nose when I lapped you, but I might explain why I was lapping you... Besides, they don't award style points in this business.

Clayton Wagner, the man from Colorado, had long since begun to drive back to Boston to catch his flight west, but Sam decided to give him the Cheatin' Heart would



Award, on the presumption that sometime Saturday morning he had left his wife with a note saying he was just going out to get a paper. Gary Cochran had won last year's award by not telling his wife that he was running the Rowdy, even though she had planned a dinner party for the same evening. Gary had become ineligible for this year's award by getting divorced.

Soon it was Billy Edge's turn to come forward. Remembering how we had plied him with our Rowdy spirit-medicine the night before, he said, "You sho' are some funny people up here." Phil replied, "You got that right!"

The rest of the survivors followed. Diane Fournier was next, having run a marvelous, even-paced race, and then Carlton Mendell, impeccably dressed as always, but now hobbling uncharacteristically. The rest trooped up, including Bob Lizotte, who admonished us never to argue with the course referee when he says you've finished the race.

A little later I talked with Sam and he confessed his prime fear about the race. "I thought that after about 40 miles, I might forget how to run. I mean, what would happen if you had to think about all the motions you have to make? Synchronize the opposing arm and leg movements, get the breathing in tune ... just at the time when your logical functions are falling to pieces. I thought I might just stop in the middle of the road and throw up my hands."

Poor Sam, trying to be analytical about these things. Aren't we all short of a full deck if we run these things to begin with? The answer does not lie in logic.

Have a little more faith in U.R., my friend.

#### ----- EPILOGUE

I had expected to be totally flattened by my effort in the Rowdy, but within 3 days I was running normally. My body wanted one last-gasp race before it would go stale for the winter. On the

next Saturday I was getting ready to line up at the O.J. Logue Benefit 10-kilometer in Orono, when Darren came up to see me.

I was eager to find out what comments Darren would have. We had all done so much better than Darren's figures said we should have done. We must be extraordinary creatures indeed, to be able to run at so high a percentage of our aerobic capacity.

"I took another look at those results of the English ultramarathoners' study," Darren said. "They averaged a pace which was at 67% of aerobic capacity, instead of the 60% I said before. The average pace of the Rowdy runners figures out to about the same."

Darren just didn't know when to stop talking. "Most people were at average, or maybe a bit below. Gary Cochran was up there, somewhere around 70% of maximum. Diane Fournier was just phenomenal; she was up around 75%, which would be decent in a marathon. I don't remember what yours was, Deke; I think it was around 65%. I'll send you the figures."

I was deflated. You mean to tell me that my race was well within my ability all the time? Darren was as much as telling me that the concept of U.R. was just a bunch of mystical hokum, an ideological dead-end. My body just performed the job it was prepared to do. Physically, I was well-trained but average. AVERAGE! Could there be anything more insulting to the ears of a crazed Rowdy veteran?

No... Darren wasn't saying that at all. He was saying that I was performing at about the same pitch as those Englishmen. Mad dogs and Englishmen... could U.R. be an international phenomenon? Someday I will go over there and stand in the shadow of Big Ben and find out if the limeys have it. Until then, I'd have to stay fit with the help of special food.

Did Cayton save any of that spaghetti sauce?

-----FINISH-----



# MAINE Running LETTERS

P.O. BOX 259, East Holden, Maine 04429 Telephone: 843-6262

Dear Bob,

At our Christmas party this year, the Maine Rowdies will toast race directors everywhere. Maybe we can be of help. Whenever we direct a race, we have a complaints chairman. Usually Wayne Clark, Charlie Gordon or myself. Our answers are standardized:

"I didn't like the course"

DON'T RUN IT!

"Not enough water"

SET UP YOUR OWN STATION!

"Are you sure of the course's length?"

MEASURE IT!

"You messed up my time"

BUY A WATCH!

For the two or three bitches and complainers there are hundreds who thank you.

Philip Soule U.R.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Bob,

Check enclosed is for my subscription to Maine Running.

I would be very interested in seeing an article on winter jogging. These are some of the questions I'd like to see answered: What to wear; How much to wear; should you cut down on your mileage?; Does real cold and wind hurt your lungs? (example - Christmas day - 16°, 25-30 MPH winds - Should you skip a day like this?) Should you cover your mouth on such a day?

Thank you,

Terry Cousins

Dear Terry,

This is my third winter of running. I have very few problems with the cold but I have heard others complain about having breathing problems in the cold, dry air.

Last winter Dr. Charles Burger spoke at Phidippides and assured us that the cold air will not damage a runner's lungs. If you went out and sat for 2 hours it probably would, but you are using your lungs a lot in a long run.

I dress according to the temperature and wind. If it is above zero with no wind I would wear a cotton or wool hat, a long sleeve turtle neck with a t-shirt over it, cotton underwear, one pair of socks and a nylon suit with wool mittens. If it goes below zero or if there is a strong wind, I would add a hooded sweat shirt below my nylon jacket and sweat pants under my nylon pants. I used to wear a wool tube around my neck that I could pull up to cover my cheeks, nose, and mouth, but this year I find my beard helps insulate against the wind.

I do my best training during the winter months. You don't have the pressure to race; you can get in some real long runs without worry of dehydration; it's easy to take a day or two off without guilt (especially days like Christmas!) and there is less traffic and more time to reflect. I can do more mileage in 5 days than I can in 7 in the summer.

This winter I've discovered the joy of running snowmobile trails. It's simply beautiful in the woods and you will find that it's much warmer out of the wind. There is much less wear and tear on your legs and shoes too.

Perhaps the best rule is to run long on the good days and rest or go short on the bad.



(A regular column in which the author--a runner who almost makes up in persistence and dedication what he lacks in talent--describes some noteworthy runs in noteworthy locales. The aim is twofold: first, that these descriptions may prove useful to those actually travelling to the cities covered, and, second, the accounts may hold some interest even to non-travellers who enjoy imagining a variety of running experiences.)

Running in New York City; or, is the Big Apple the Core or the Pits?

The answer, before any readers are overcome by suspense, is "both." There is probably no better single place in the world to experience the extent and understand the nature of the running boom of the last decade than in New York's Central Park. For most of us, that experience and understanding will have some very positive aspects, and some quite depressing elements as well.

But first, a word about running elsewhere in Manhattan: don't. Michael Douglas to the contrary notwithstanding, I suspect that jogging through the traffic of a major Avenue, or across the George Washington Bridge in a vehicular lane, is roughly the equivalent of running the wrong way down I 95 at midnight, in a snowstorm, without any protective apparatus. The experience would be exhilarating ...but short. I have usually run from uptown hotels (ranging from fleabags to palaces of luxury such as the Americana) the five or ten blocks up to 59th street and the south entrance to Central Park. But my experience suggests that this operation should be done quite carefully, and with no effort for speed, at any time between about 6:30 a.m. and midnight. Jog to the park, run there, and jog back. If you are domiciled too far from the park to make this practical, take a bus or subway.

The park itself can be a bit confusing, but it is really impossible to get seriously lost. The major buildings at either end and along the sides are easily recognized landmarks from which to begin a run, and to which to return.

Routes: Since Central Park is roughly 2.5 miles long, and a half mile across, a very nice circular route, staying on the main drive around the park, is almost exactly a 10 K run. Enter the park at 7th Avenue or Avenue of the Americas (6th Ave.), and head right to "East Drive." Stay on this thoroughfare past the zoo (on your left) the Metropolitan Museum (on your right) and several cross-park streets and exits. About 2/3rds up the park, you will hit the large, central Reservoir (surrounded by a very popular one-mile-plus trail, always filled with runners). Proceed around the Reservoir, angling to the right at its northern end, to the end of the park and the turn-around of the drive, near a small pond and just after a swimming pool. The cross-town street just at this end of the park is 110th Street. Beyond is Harlem. Head back south on West Drive, with perhaps a lap of the Reservoir, past the Tavern on the Green where the NY Marathon ends, to 59th Street.

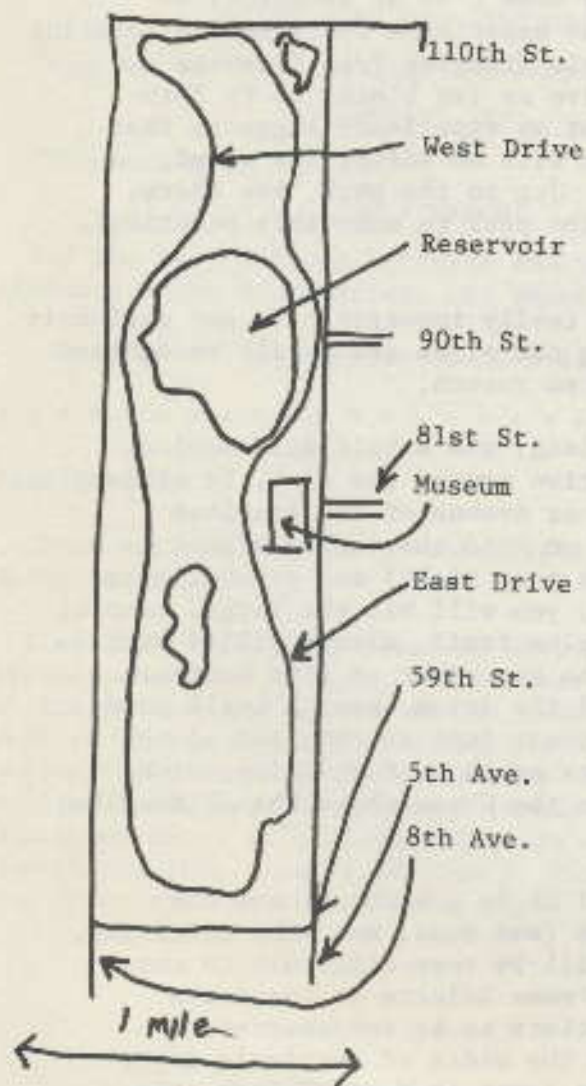
What will you find if you run in Central Park? If it is a weekend, and the weather is agreeable, you will find so many people (and dogs, and baby carriages, and skateboards, and mounted policemen) that it will be very difficult to run more than a few seconds without swerving to avoid some animate or inanimate object. As could be expected, the range of characters to be encountered in this tiny (relatively) plot of trees and grass in the midst of America's major urban metropolis, is unbelievable. The last time I was in Central Park, the rage was a combination of huge and complex radios, carried on the shoulder,



snuggled against the car, and blasting disco tunes, being carried by roller skaters, often surrounded by clouds of smoke of suspiciously non-kosher aroma.

If it is not a nice weekend day, though, what you will see in Central Park in staggering numbers, is other runners. In any weather, at any hour of the day. Fat runners, lean runners, black runners, white runners, affluent and well shod runners, poor and rag-tag runners, good runners and bad, alone and in groups, literally thousands of people pounding the pavement. Find one, or some looking amiable, or attractive, or challenging--and good luck. Next time: Washington, D.C.

#### Central Park



## Running on. .

by Skip Howard

Music and running share qualities that both complement and contrast. There is, of course, the basic rhythm, the foot-strike becoming drummer; the melody is expressed in that lyric coursing through you on the run. An informal poll begun on New Year's Eve (the first thought was to include running resolutions for 1981, but further consideration yielded the realization that setting down such optimism in print, particularly in the heat of a champagne-filled, runner-clogged party, could only prove embarrassing and depressing next November) provided some interesting song titles from area runners.

- Bob Booker - Stop In The Name Of Love
- Larry Lunn - It Keeps You Running & Minute By Minute
- John Frachella - Working My Way Back To You, Babe (while skiing)
- Kathy Lunn - The Long And Winding Road
- Larry Van Peurson - The Entertainer
- Ron Howell - Any Grease music from the '50s
- Theresa McLaughlin - Little Darlin' & Echoes Of Love
- Mary-Margaret Roseberry - Beethoven's Symphony #5

There were many more, but the consensus was that music invariably springs to mind during the daily run. Leave it to the Doobie Brothers' "One Step Closer" to rescue me from Olivia Newton-John's "Hopelessly Devoted To You", a song that ran through my head for years, including the same race two years in a row. Don't ask me why!

The next great-selling, running-related item that modern technology will issue is the less-than-a-gram-in-weight-miniatu-rized-tape-recorder-ear-piece that will allow us to tape and play back our favorite songs while running, without making us oblivious to approaching cars, dogs, etc.





## MAINLY ABOUT WOMEN



Pam Hennessey  
Athletic Department  
Husson College

### Running Reflections

I have been subscribing to Maine Running since June after I picked up my first issue at the newstand sometime in the spring. The magazine is informational, inspiring and impels one to attempt to make a contribution.

After having spent the better part of my life in the field of athletics, running to me is another aspect of participation. Personally, I have been jogging, not running, for seventeen years, averaging anywhere from three to eight miles per day. In fact, I was on the roads at a "very slow pace" when it was quite unusual to be there.

I never ran a road race until March, when I was cohered into a St. Patrick's Day Race. It was fun, another athletic experience, and a "new beginning" for myself. I had been training at about 40 miles a week and shortly after that picked up the mileage aspiring to run the Paul Bunyan Marathon. I ran 40-50 miles throughout the month of May with a few long runs spread out over the spring. In June, I picked up my mileage to somewhere between 70-95 miles a week and ran three 20 mile runs. I ran seven days a week, raced one day and did a limited amount of interval training. I supplemented my road work with tennis, racquetball and swimming.

I aspired to run a four hour first marathon but with my training pace this aspiration seemed unrealistic. I ran the twenties; my times were displeasing yet the three that I ran got progressively better.

I also read much material on running and training and attended a couple of pertinent conferences. During the last week of training, I ran a twenty early in the week and then drastically cut my mileage, not running at all the last two days before the marathon. I did stretch and swim. I also ate primarily carbohydrates, especially during the last three or four days before the event.

I ran the marathon under four hours (3.46.36) and reached a personal goal. I have been involved in competitive athletic throughout my life as a coach and as a participant. Training for and running the marathon rank high on my list of memorable experiences.

In reflection, I started to run some seventeen years ago to stay in shape. I never raced but now thoroughly enjoy the endeavor. I am not a good runner for many reasons, but I have improved. Maybe I won't be racing for the rest of my life but I know that I still will be running.



## NUTRITION AND ATHLETICS

by DR. JOHN FRACHELLA

### Chapter 2

It is agreed upon by sports physiologists and nutritionists alike that the effect of training on muscle cell structure is the single most important variable that can alter human athletic performance, mostly because exercise increases the oxidative potential of muscles. Aside from this and assuming that all other factors are equal (training, ability, size, strength, and coordination) the diet is the next most important factor that makes the difference in a given individual's athletic performance.

The diet of the athlete can be broken down into 6 major components ranked here in their order of importance: water, fats, carbohydrates, proteins, vitamins and minerals.

#### WATER

Water is listed as being the most important component of nutrition because the average, well conditioned, adult, male athlete is himself 60 to 65% water. In his body, water is the most frequently depleted and most easily replenished of all the nutritional components. Water is necessary for temperature control, for enzyme functioning, for digestion, metabolism, elimination of wastes and especially for transportation and utilization of nutrients in the muscles.

When more than two thirds of the body's water is lost, performance declines. Dehydration as a result of heat injury can even cause death during athletic events on hot days. Prevention is, of course, very simple: water is necessary in adequate amounts before, during and after practice or competition. The literature is abundant with recommendations that water be made available in all athletic events

and that the athlete should determine the amount he wishes to consume. Overhydration is not nearly as big a problem as dehydration because athletes do not seem to completely replace water losses even when they are encouraged to drink as much as they want.

#### FAT

The second most important component in the diet of an athlete is fat. Fat is most frequently used by muscles for energy and the body stores fat in an almost inexhaustible supply. Most submaximal muscular effort (up to 70% maximum effort in aerobic exercise) is fueled by fat. Exercise above 70% maximum effort (when the exercise becomes anerobic) forces muscles to burn carbohydrates along with the fats. As anerobic exercise continues and the athlete reaches the stage of 100% exertion, the oxygen supply cannot meet the demands of the muscles and carbohydrates take over completely because, as described earlier, it takes more oxygen to burn fat than it does to burn carbohydrates. However, fats are still the most frequently used fuels for muscles because for the greater part of a given 24 hour period in the life of an average sedentary person or an average athlete muscles are in the resting state or undergoing small workloads at levels far below a maximum work effort.

#### CARBOHYDRATES

Carbohydrates are stored as glycogen in the liver (110 grams), in the muscles (250 grams) and in the blood (15 grams). There is a total of about 375 grams of glycogen in the body. The storage and the rate of utilization of glycogen is of critical importance for performance. The stores of glycogen have been found to increase slightly with physical conditioning and the rate of glycogen utilization is depressed in prolonged exercise, causing, in effect, a conservation of glycogen usage that relates directly to the amount of physical conditioning an individual upholds.



## PROTEIN

Protein is the least important nutrient for the expenditure of energy. Since before 400 B.C., athletes have been nourished with diets especially rich in meat protein. The origins of this practice are obscure, but it is likely that in the case of beef consumption there was some association with the idea of consuming the flesh of a powerful animal that would give a human greater strength. The truth is that protein is not used as an energy source at all by the body except in starvation. Since a meal high in meat is passed through the gastrointestinal tract more slowly than a meal high in carbohydrates, the athlete who wants to eat meat just before an event would be better off eating nothing at all. This is not to be misunderstood: protein is essential to a balanced diet because it is necessary for tissue repair, for hormone production, for proper enzyme functioning, for the manufacture of antibodies, and for the formation of neurotransmitters in the brain (like endorphine and enkephalin). But again, protein is of little importance to the expenditure of energy and, contrary to popular belief, muscle mass cannot be increased by consuming high protein foods. If an increase in strength and muscle mass is a goal, a well defined exercise program should be prescribed and extra calories should be eaten.

## VITAMINS AND MINERALS

Vitamins and minerals are totally non-fuel nutrients. The role of vitamins in the health and performance of athletes has been grossly overestimated. Vitamins simply do not provide energy. It is true that the B complex vitamins are important in the series of reactions that make ATP energy available for muscle work, but the vitamins are water soluble and excess amounts are excreted in the urine. Fat soluble vitamins like A, D, K and E can be stored in the body, but excessive dosages can cause toxic accum-

ulations called coagulopathies. Niacin (or nicotinic acid) taken in excessive amounts inhibits the release of fatty acids that would normally be used as an energy source in endurance events. The megavitamin philosophy has no application in sports. If one eats a basic balanced diet, one receives all the vitamins necessary to be healthy. As an aside, it has been observed, with some chagrin, at Olympic competitions in the past that physicians from other countries claim to be able to identify American athletes by the nature of their urine - it's the most expensive urine in the world, saturated with vitamins.

## POTASSIUM

Potassium is lost through perspiration, but even so, it is adequately resupplied in a basic balanced diet. During heavy exercise in a hot environment, a few extra oranges, bananas, apricots or baked potatoes (whole, with skin) are enough to make up for any deficiency.

## TRACE ELEMENTS

Calcium, iron, copper, iodine, glycine, zinc, cobalt, selenium, chromium, molybdenum, manganese and magnesium are all supplied in adequate amounts in a basic balanced diet. Mineral supplements are unnecessary and a waste of money.

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Next month Dr. Frachella addresses Body Weight, Caloric Intake, and the Recommended Diet for athletes.







## "THE PACK"

NATIONAL JUNIOR OLYMPIC CHAMPIONSHIP RACES  
Cheyenne, Wyoming Dec 13th

Girls 10 and under (108 competitors)

Erin Herbert Gorham 83 15:13.7

Boys 10 and under (126 competitors)

Robert Sprague	Gray	48	12:38.5
David Manthorne	Cape	68	13:02.1
Paulin Cameron	Bath	106	14:05.6
David Wakem	Scarborough	125	17:15.9

Boys 11-12 (135 Competitors)

Finn Kelly	Groton	3	10:42.0
Doug MacDonald	Waterville	13	11:02.5
Tom LaRose	S. Portland	39	11:42.6
Justin Daley	Sanford	88	12:15.7
Arthur Drisko	Scarborough	126	13:04.0
David Snow	Old Orchard	132	14:32.3

Greater Portland AC 8th Place

Girls 13/14 (126 Competitors)

Rebecca Bryer	Bar Harbor	33	16:31.2
Kelly Hoskins	Topsham	48	16:48.1
Patty Clapper	Bucksport	50	16:50.6
Lisa Waken	Scarborough	56	16:58.0
Lisa Anderson	Cumberland Ctr.	64	17:17.0
Missy Watkins	Casco	74	17:23.4
Kristine Kane	Lincolntonville	75	17:26.6
Tammy Ray	New Gloucester	81	17:30.9
Karen Thomas	Mt. Desert	82	17:32.3
Susy Chaplin	Bar Harbor	83	17:33.0
Tammy Jordan	S. Portland	84	17:33.5

Sarah Connors	Cape Eliz.	91	17:48.7
Laurie Jasper	S. Windham	96	18:14.6
Michelle Cross	Waldoboro	98	18:20.4
Penny Schenk	S.W. Harbor	106	19:08.7

Lakers Track Club 5th in the nation  
Portland AC 6th

Boys 13-14 (124 competitors)

Adam Berlew	Brookville	13	14:08.5
Mike Wilson	Falmouth	44	14:42.6
Kyle Rankin	Boothbay Hbr	50	14:47.1
Paul Arsenault	Yarmouth	59	15:00.4
Jeff Pomroy	Cape Eliz	60	15:04.1
Eric Connolly	Scarborough	69	15:14.1
Joey Slowinski	Scarborough	82	15:32.1
Chris Kein	Westbrook	85	15:38.1
Erich Reed	Raymond	90	15:48.1

Greater Portland AC 5th in the nation

Girls 15-16 (70 competitors)

Michelle Hallett	Mars Hill	3	19:24.1
Theresa Lewis	Topsham	6	19:48.2
Cindy Carey	Bar Harbor	28	20:32.3
Virginia Connors	Cape Eliz	45	21:15.4
Maria Bilancia	Bar Harbor	50	21:26.5
Lisa Dodge	Readfield	61	21:52.6
Karla Neit	Farmington	63	21:56.7

Lakers Track Club 5th in the nation

Boys 15-16 (141 Competitors)

Paul Plissey	Presque Isle	14	17:09.13
Mike England	Searsport	47	17:40.14
Jeff Crocker	Augusta	83	18:15.15

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Lake

Boys

Greg

Step

Joan

Matt

Pete

Ferg

Jim

Bill

Chuck

Laker

Result

VILLAGE

SMVTI

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.

8.





Greg Everett Hancock	93	18:30.3
James Golden Augusta	97	18:40.9
Chris Everett Hancock	103	18:50.0
Paul McLaughlin Mexico	109	19:05.3
Philip Gregory E. Boothbay	123	19:45.3

Lakers Track Club 6th in the nation

Girls 17-18 ( 73 Competitors)

Roseanna Prest Bridgewater	8	20:08.7
Sally Perkins Kennebunk	22	20:50.6
Debbie Noble Cape Eliz	39	21:23.6
Jeanette Malone Bath	44	21:34.4
Maria Seedner York Beach	47	21:41.9
Kelly Overlock Thomaston	50	21:50.0
Sonje McLaughlin Augusta	52	21:55.0
Mary Clapper Bucksport	56	22:12.6

Lakers Track Club 2nd in the nation

Boys 17-18 (unknown)

17:48.7	Gregory Hale Madawaska	2	16:14.3
18:14.9	Stephen Kozlovich Millinocket	27	17:01.1
18:20.4	Joan Divall	46	17:21.3
19:08.7	Matt Isham Bethel	53	Unknown
	Peter Swanson Trenton	55	"
	Pergus Kenny Bangor	75	"
	Jim Dasch New Sweden	82	"
	Bill Desrosier St Agatha	84	"
	Chuck Holt Ellsworth	86	"

nation

14:08.9	Lakers Track Club 5th in the nation
14:42.8	
14:47.5	
15:00.4	
15:04.2	
15:14.3	
15:32.1	
15:38.4	
15:48.9	

Results courtesy of J. Frank Glynn  
President  
Lakers Track Club

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VILLAGE CAFE 10K ROAD RACE  
SMVTI Jan 4

3 19:24.1	1. John Keller	33:42
6 19:48.5	2. Robert Winn	34:11
28 20:32.7	3. Werner Pobatschnig	34:18
45 21:15.7	4. Larry Greer	36:12
50 21:26.4	5. George Towle	37:28
61 21:52.2	6. Bob Coughlin	38:00
63 21:56.1	7. Dave Smith	38:44
	8. Anthony Lepore	40:19
	9. Wayne LaRochelle	40:23
	10. Harvey Rhode	40:32
	11. Arnold Amoroso	40:38
	12. Tom Bradley	41:07
	13. Mark O'Flynn	41:35
14 17:09.6	14. Frank Morong	41:56
47 17:40.6	15. John Reali	42:06
83 18:15.5		

nation

16. Robert Payne	42:08
17. Ed Berriman	42:12
18. Carlton Mendell	42:46
19. Brian Gillespie	43:24
20. David Alley	43:36
21. Steve Slattery	43:36
22. Steve Morrissey	43:53
23. Grace Amoroso*	44:01
24. Herb Strom	44:29
25. Brad Hyson	44:56
26. Diane Lounder*	45:00
27. Andrew Haslam	46:20
28. Lloyd Davis	46:46
29. Barb Coughlin*	46:53
30. Bruce Allen	47:48
31. Mike Miller	48:28
32. Jim Lee	48:33
33. Lloyd Cook	51:42
34. Ralph Roberts	52:48
35. Tom Skinner	52:51
36. Sue Yandell*	52:55
37. Jim Lowery	53:02
38. Tom Rowe	53:30
39. Roslynn Randall*	53:34
40. Paul Reali	54:36
41. Pat Lowery	71:49

Results courtesy of Dennis Smith  
Race Director

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JANUARY THAW 4.5 MILE ROAD RACE  
Belgrade Jan 18th

1. Tom Leonard	23:45
2. Phil Stuart	24:51
3. Lloyd Ferriss	25:05
4. Paul Veilleux	25:34
5. Dave Baird	25:39
6. Carroll Caron	25:48
7. Todd McGraw	25:50
8. Mark O'Flynn	26:36
9. Mike Hanley	26:46
10. Warren Dean	27:17
11. Tony Lepore	27:39
12. Jeff Brown	28:03
13. Harry Nelson	28:21
14. Dick McDonald	29:31
15. Tim Dean	30:00
16. Bill Johnson	30:47
17. John Schwerdel	30:50
18. Tom Davidson	30:55
19. Karen McCann*	31:27 CR
20. Mike Miller	32:34
21. Don Abrams	33:01
22. Dan Daily	34:12
23. Chris Burwood	35:31
24. David Daily	35:32



# the Good Sports

3 Pleasant St, Brunswick



25. Jim McDevitt	36:19
26. Vicki Martin*	37:59
27. Jill Deal*	39:53
28. Jim Wright	40:41
29. Eleanor Vance*	41:35
30. Harvey Rhoude	41:36
31. Dorothy McCann*	42:48

Results courtesy of Gene Roy  
Race Director

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BROOKS INSURANCE AGENCY 10 MILE RUN  
SMVT1 Jan 18

1. Rock Green	55:23
2. Mickey Lackey	59:22
3. Ted Hollidge	59:37
4. Bob Coughlin	59:54
5. Sam Sleeper	61:54
6. Gary Cochrane	63:23
7. Dave Smith	64:01
8. Peter Bastow	64:48
9. Bill Leschey	65:07
10. Kim Beaulieu*	65:41
11. Steve Woodsum	65:55
12. Ken Curtis	67:41
13. Harold Hill	67:47
14. Al Dingley	68:08
15. Carlton Mendell	68:16
16. Dave Gagnon	68:26
17. Robert Payne	69:11
18. George Nason	69:11
19. George Brady	70:17
20. Audie Bridges	70:39
21. Charles Gordon	71:08
22. Dave Dyer	72:49
23. Roger Smith	73:21
24. Steve Doxey	73:51
25. Barb Coughlin	75:23
26. Gary Alcorn	77:31
27. Phil Soule	79:11

28. Bill Gayton	79:12
29. Al Brunell	80:44
30. Marion Leschey	82:22
31. Ray Hruby	83:18
32. Robert Murray	93:22
33. Chris Bridges	93:51

Results courtesy of Brian Gillespie  
Race Director

\*\*\*\*\*

SHAMROCK MARATHON TRIP MARCH 12-15

Time is running out fast on the deadline for the Shamrock Marathon Trip. Here's a list of your friends who are going so far:

Robert Booker	Eddy Brissette
Mark Violette	Steve Rainsford
Norj Ahrens	Mason Smith
Gary Allen	Gary Coyne
Larry Allen	Cindy Lowry
Joan Allen	Carol Roy
Robin Seavey	Tom Leonard
Deke Talbot	Cathy Dicenzo
Steve Carle	Dave Silverbrand
Vance Stoddard	Phil Stuart
David Gerczyca	Jeff Preble
Barb Hamaluk	

There are only 17 more seats left on the bus, so act quickly. You don't have to be a marathoner to go; many people are running in the 5 mile race.

If you feel that you are to "rowdie" to run in a flat marathon, come along, hell, the bus ride will kill ya!

Send me your name address, age, previous best, and a ten dollar bill to reserve a seat. There are only seventeen left, so act now!

Yes,  
and  
Trip  
Name  
Address



# 9th ANNUAL SHAMROCK MARATHON

## MAINE Running

### March 14, 1981



RADIO 79 WJAR

TIDEWATER STRIDERS  
BIG BROTHERS/BIG SISTERS

ONE OF AMERICA'S  
FLATTEST MARATHONS

\$110

trip includes  
hotel, trans-  
portation and  
race entry

Travel with Maine Running to the 9th Annual Shamrock Marathon aboard a chartered Greyhound.

Your trip includes:

Round trip transportation via Greyhound. Leave Bangor at 6:00 P.M. March 12th. Pick up runners in Portland at 8:30 P.M. wake up for breakfast in Delaware.

Arrive in Virginia Beach in the early afternoon and check into the Hilton Inn

3:00 P.M. March 13th - Pick up packets

5:00 P.M. Hospitality Room sponsored by Tidewater Striders - Running Films; free fruit and beer.

8:00 P.M. Running Clinic featuring Dr. Dave Drez, in the Hilton Conference Center

10:00 A.M. March 14th - Marathon

T-shirts to all entrants. Shamrock Marathon patches to first 2500 finishers.

Last qualifier before Boston '81!

Check out time 5:00 P.M.

Dinner (At runner's expense) before 8:00 P.M. departure. Arrive in Maine in early afternoon of March 15th.

Yes, I would like to reserve a seat on the Maine Running Tour to Virginia Beach and the Shamrock Marathon. Inclosed is \$10 (non-refundable) to hold my seat. Trip limited to first 36 applicants.

Name Herb Strom Age \_\_\_\_\_ Best Time \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

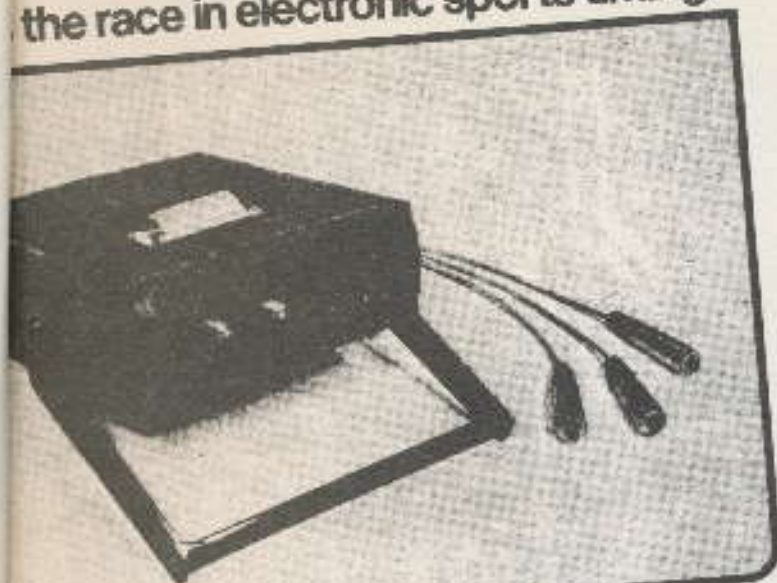
Zip \_\_\_\_\_

*Please Continue!*





the race in electronic sports timing!



Race directors. Tired of hand scoring your race? Tired of making the runners wait for hours for the award ceremony? Then rent a Chronomix electronic timing device from Maine Running.

\$35.00 if you pick it up  
and bring it back

\$50.00 if we bring it to you

Call 843-6262 and take the worry out of timing.

HOW DO I SUBSCRIBE TO MAINE RUNNING?

If you want to subscribe to Maine Running simply detach the postcard below and mail it with your complete address to:

Maine Running  
PO Box 259  
E. Holden, Me. 04429

When you receive your first issue in the mail, dash off a 10 dollar check to the address above and you will automatically receive 11 more issues. Or save hassle for both of us and send at least \$10 when you first order. (You can send more if you so choice)



Want to spend your ad dollars wisely? Put an ad in Maine Running.

Ask the people at the Ski Rack about the results.

1/4 page is \$10 a month

1/3 page is \$12.50

1/2 page is \$17.50

2/3 page is \$23.00

a full interior page goes for a mere \$32

\*\*\*\*\*

Yes, I simply can not live another day without having a yearly subscription to Maine Running Magazine. Make haste in forwarding my first issue to:

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

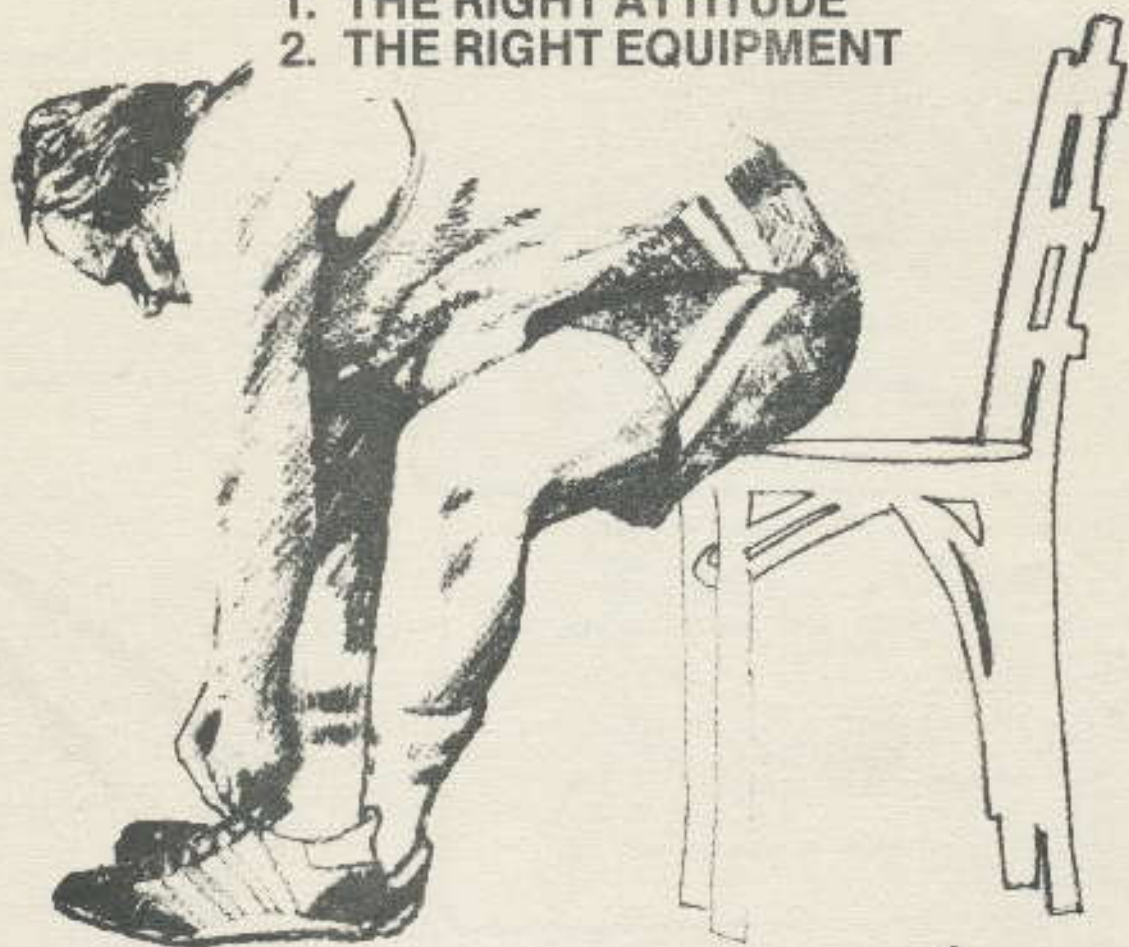
Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Please include \$10



# THE SECRETS TO GETTING IN SHAPE:

1. THE RIGHT ATTITUDE
2. THE RIGHT EQUIPMENT



Discover how with Dr. John Frachella, at the Athletic Attic in the Bangor Mall on Wednesday, February 11th, at 7:30 PM.

\* \* \* \* \*

Place  
Stamp  
Here

RPM's Maine Running  
P.O. Box 259  
E. Holden, Me. 04429



John will discuss wholistic health with you: proper training, nutrition, weight lifting and more. Don't miss it! Join John Wednesday, February 11, 7:30 PM at the store that cares about a healthy you - the Athletic Attic, Bangor Mall.

Auburn Mall 786-2507

Bangor Mall 947-6880